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KNAVE

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 6

ARE YOU READY FOR RUDE TV?

DO GIRLS HAVE DIRTY THOUGHTS?

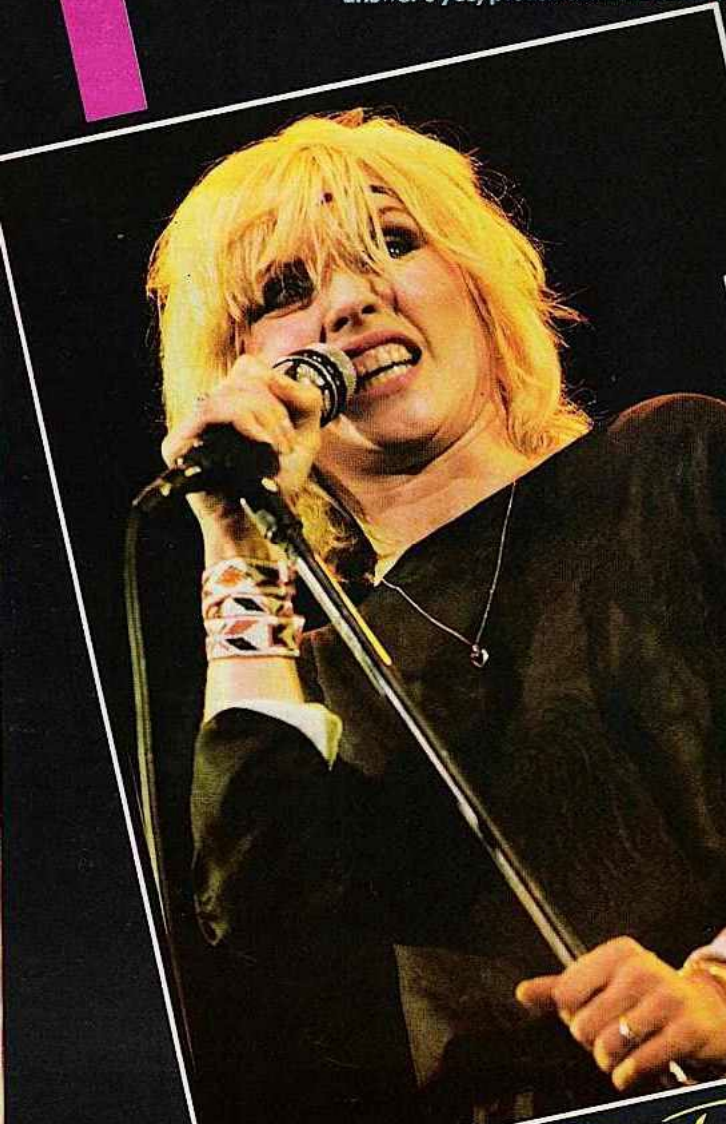
THE MATURE MODEL

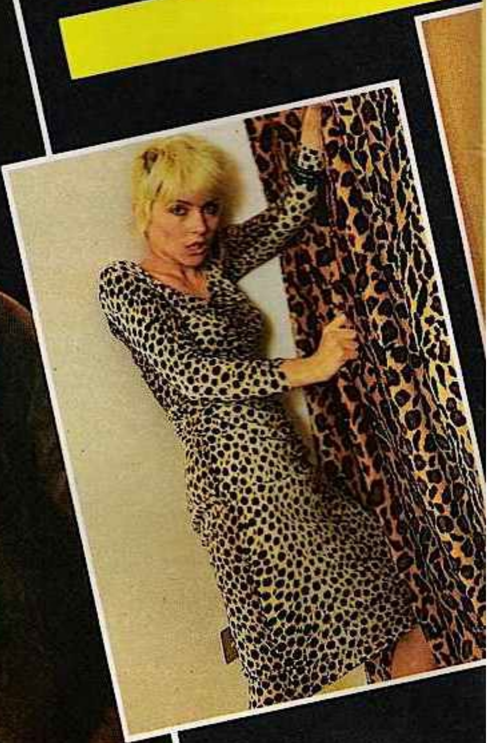
AND

THE BEAUTIFUL BEGINNER

MIRROR.

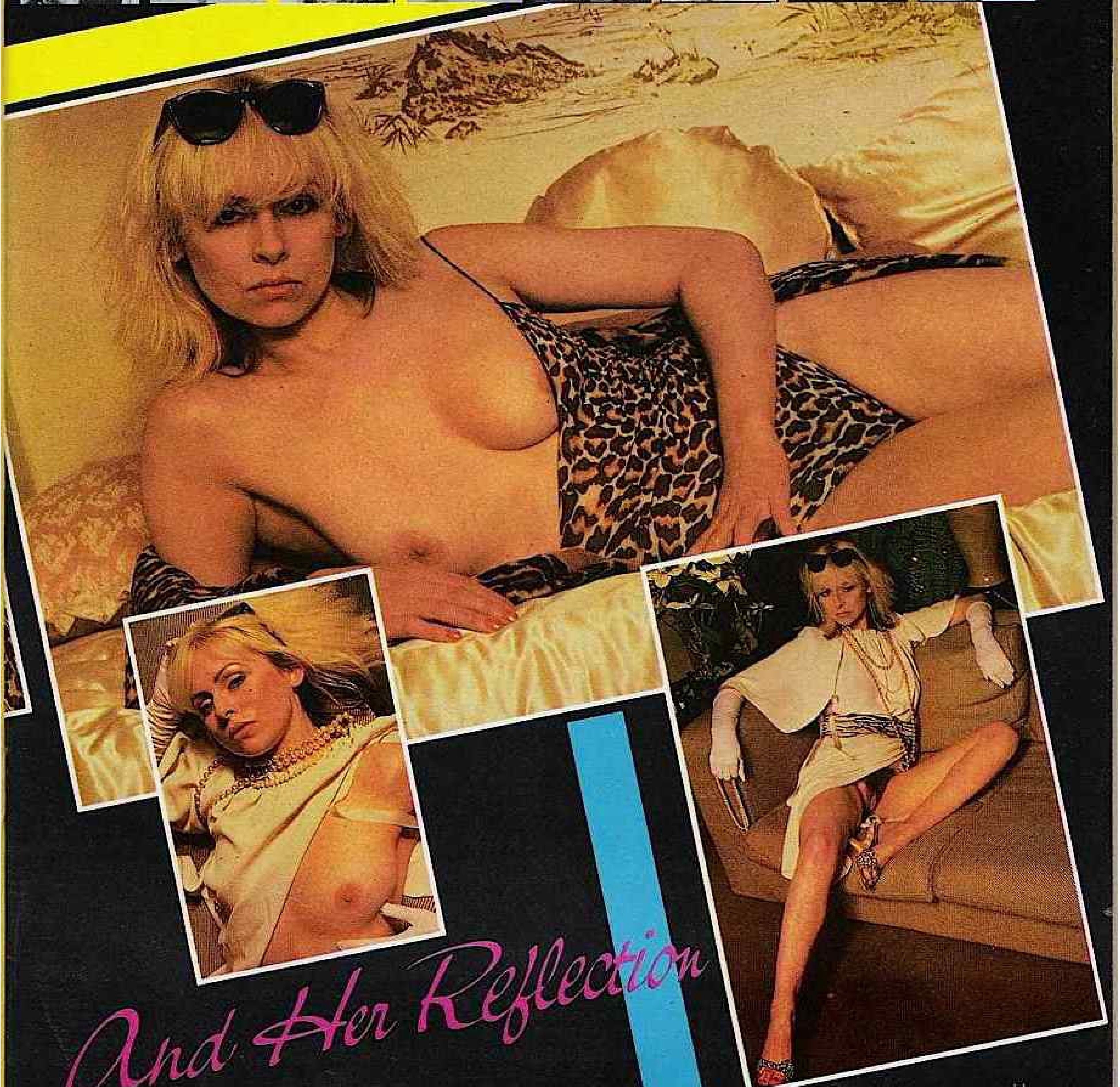
Knave lensman Lewis Blood stared in disbelief at the new secretary when he dropped by at a friend's studio. What the hell was Blondie's Debbie Harry doing in an incognito desk job? Closer inspection, though, uncovered just an excellent lookalike — not that that stopped him dragging her straight into the studio for some snapshots. Does your secretary look like Debbie, or Goldie Hawn, or Lesley Anne Down? If the answer's yes, please send us some pics!



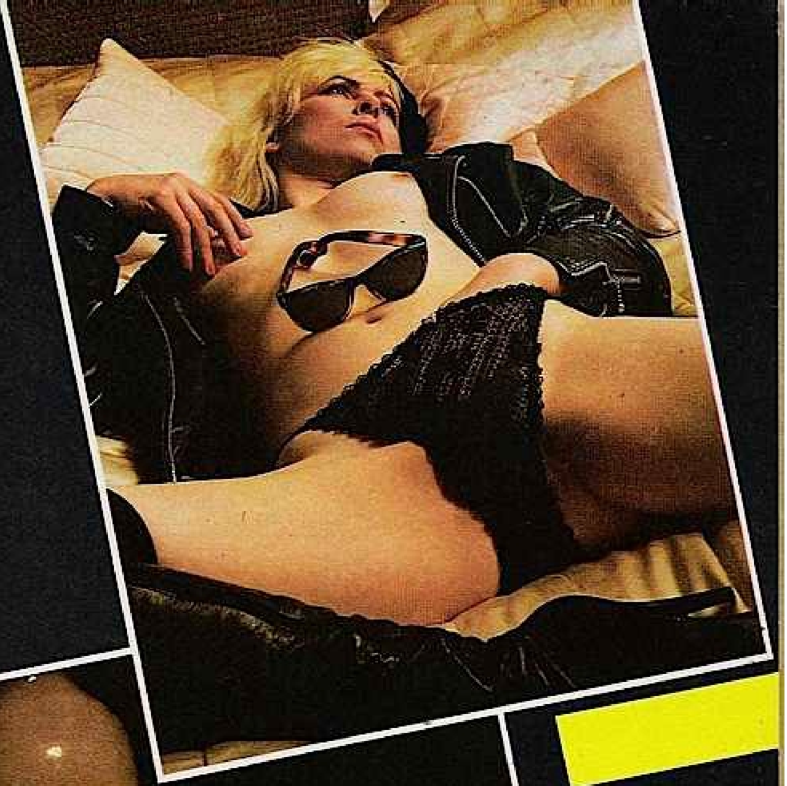


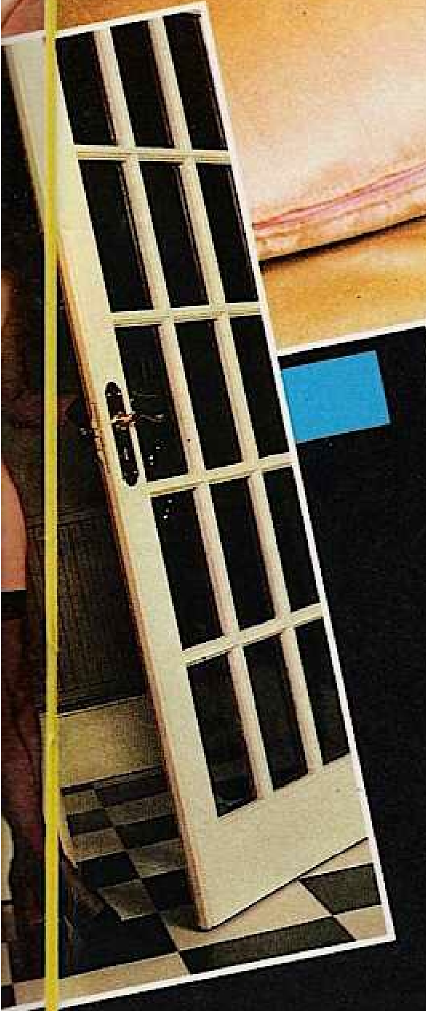
The Real Blondie...

IMAGES?

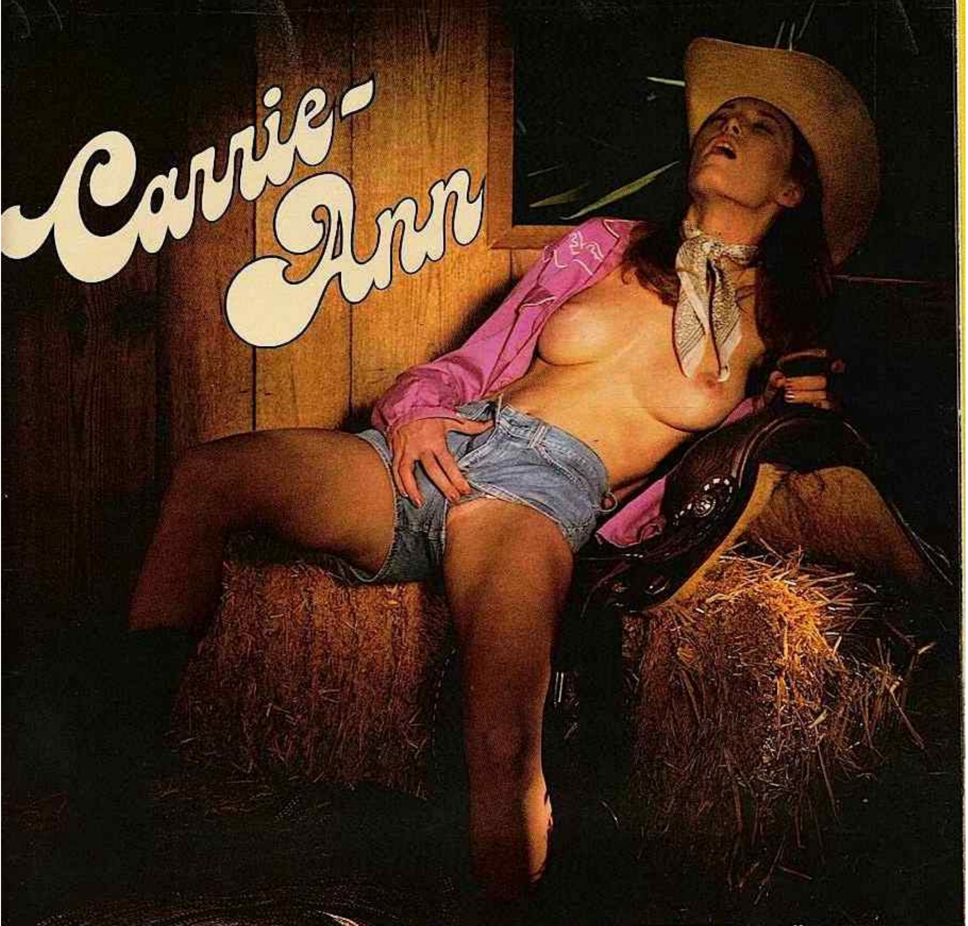


...And Her Reflection

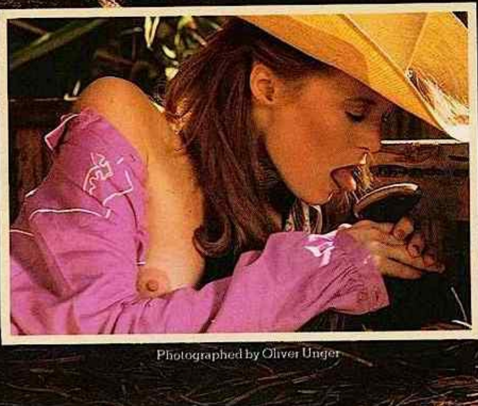




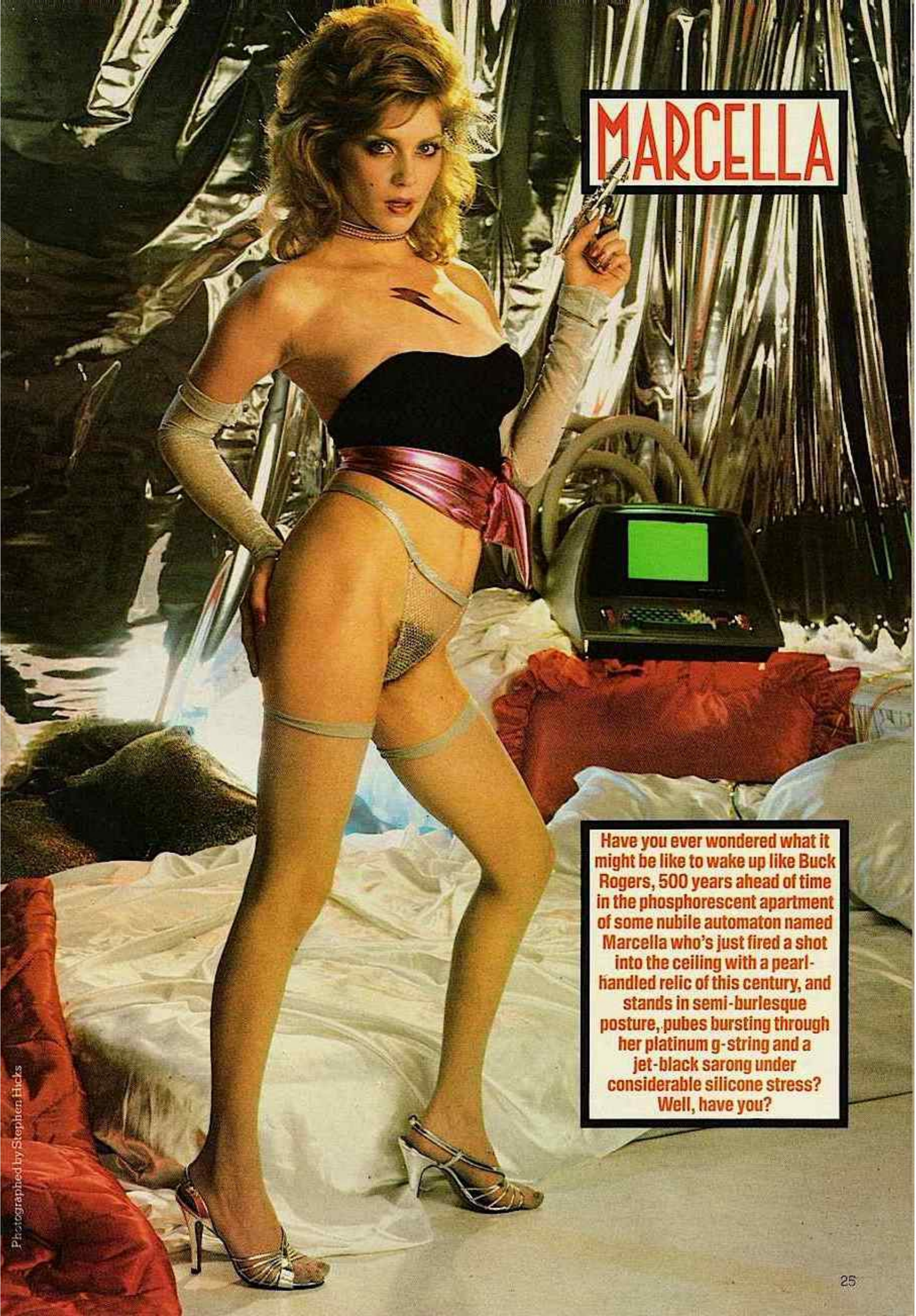
Carrie-Ann



Tall in the saddle, home on the range and good ole Arkansas sex with the hired help in bales and bales of hay, rhythmically serenaded by some nasal guitarist inside the corral. Carrie-Ann's just a poor country girl, long long ways from home. She'd give almost anythang to be rustling up some beans for the neighbours or putting the lariat over a new calf and hearing that branding iron sizzle on its hide. But the rodeo hasn't been her way for years now (so the stallions are all kind of wild). What she needs is a good steady cowpoke, I reckon.



Photographed by Oliver Unger

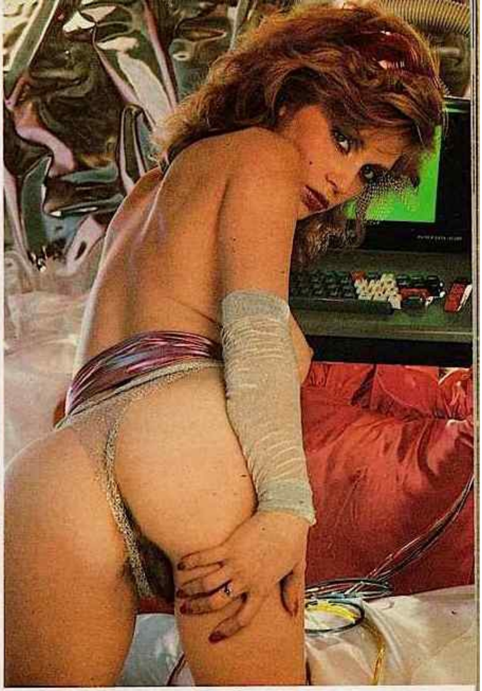


MARCELLA

Have you ever wondered what it might be like to wake up like Buck Rogers, 500 years ahead of time in the phosphorescent apartment of some nubile automaton named Marcella who's just fired a shot into the ceiling with a pearl-handled relic of this century, and stands in semi-burlesque posture, pubes bursting through her platinum g-string and a jet-black sarong under considerable silicone stress? Well, have you?

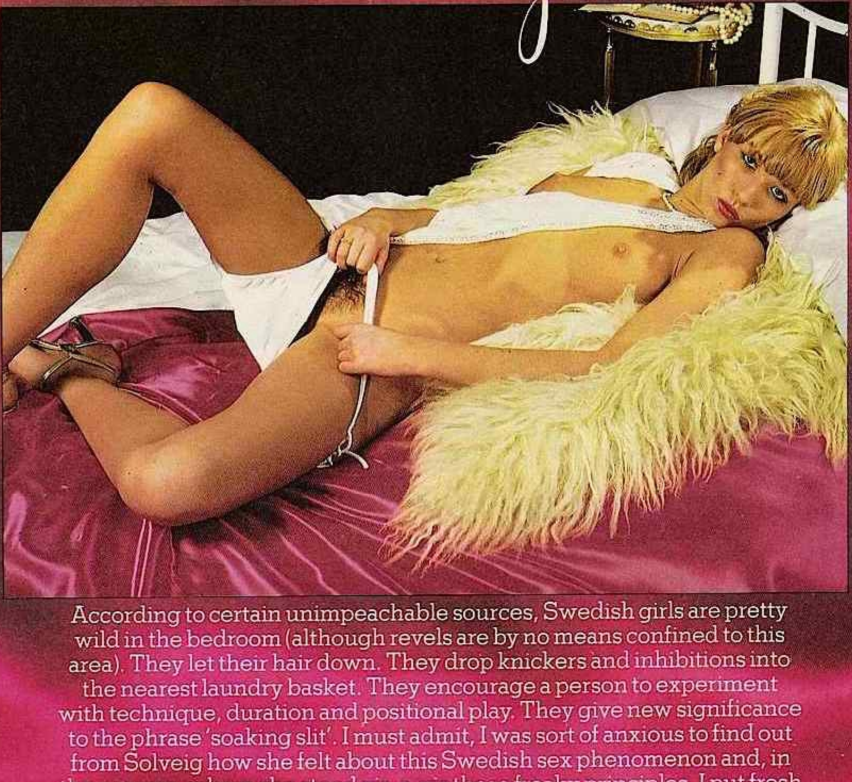
Photographed by Stephen Hicks

Of course, once you touch-down she has no use for the revolver anymore. She tosses it—let us say—over her shoulder like salt and it gets comfortably absorbed in the tin-foil surround. Next thing, she's addressing you in a husky, well-programmed monotone, requesting the nature of your thirst. Is it for her amazing cacti casserole? Or, since it is plain you are goggling at her in fairly carnivorous fashion, for a piece of instant coital rapport, how you say, f.u.c.k.?



It's a fine state of affairs alright. You've only just emerged from a massive cube of ice and already the fragile temperature gauge strapped to your wrist is beginning to register an equatorial ascent. Is this sensual apparition on the level? Will she fry all your circuits to a crisp? Has your cock survived the warp? (Maybe you'd better have the casserole.)

Solveig



Photographed by Sven Hassel

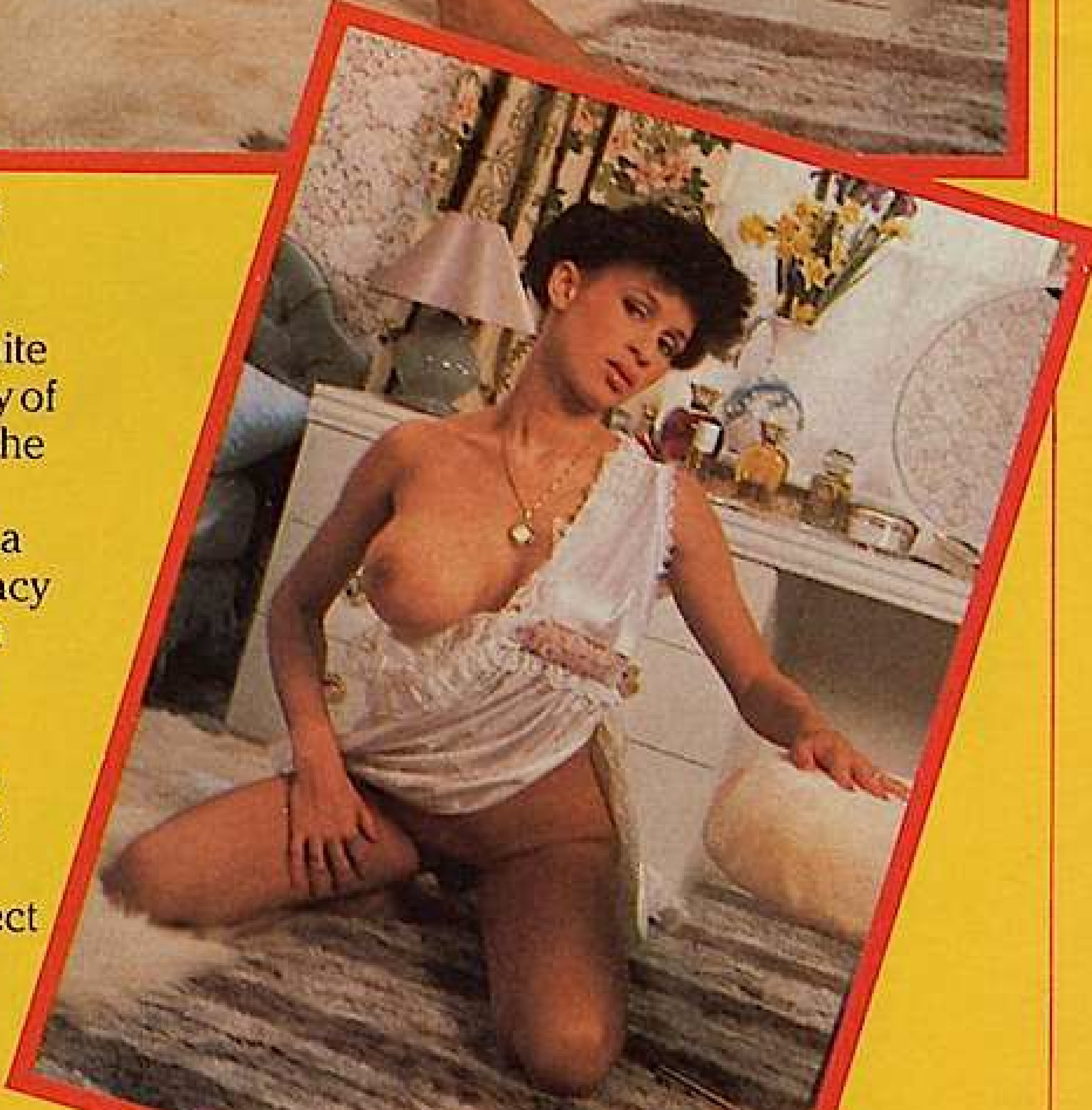
According to certain unimpeachable sources, Swedish girls are pretty wild in the bedroom (although revels are by no means confined to this area). They let their hair down. They drop knickers and inhibitions into the nearest laundry basket. They encourage a person to experiment with technique, duration and positional play. They give new significance to the phrase 'soaking slit'. I must admit, I was sort of anxious to find out from Solveig how she felt about this Swedish sex phenomenon and, in the process, where she stood vis-a-vis these freaky principles. I put fresh batteries in the tape recorder to ensure that *nothing would be missed*. I let her know also (a little foolishly, I suppose) that I was something of an authority on aphrodisiacs. She sat there all the time with a cool, polite smile on her face, uttering not a word. It began to get a shade eerie. My cassette stopped. But the outrageous Scandanavian rumours remained unconfirmed, I regret to say.

SOLVEIG

KNAVE MAGAZINE

Sonja Santini

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL BEGINNER



A lot of girls have been around the circuits to the point where you just get dizzy with genital recall, but Sonja Santini is fresh from the suburbs. She arrived at Galaxy with a boyfriend who drank white wine all day in the director's chair, guzzled plenty of hot pizza and then peeled off himself to display the hardware. (I believe the expression is "well-hung"). As for Sonja, she obligingly slipped into a studio gown (a wicked, translucent little white lacy wrap-on), obeying strange commands to "open your pussy just a fraction wider, darlin" or "cup both the breasts with your hands, roll your eyes back in their sockets and moan softly" without a qualm. Neither did she protest when dry ice was applied to her nipples to achieve that excitable, puckered effect. Her skin had a sacramental effect upon members. Her breasts were mirrored in every eyeball in the room. Dr. Mesmer would have loved her as a pendulum for his hysterical subjects.

Photographed by D. W. Goddard

The slumberland looked very idyllic once Santini left her impression on it, spread-eagled, as it were, hands stroking snatch, tongue licking lips, eyes evincing all that hot, steamy passion one associates with interracial high-jinx on the cotton plantation. It's certainly a weird kind of embargo that gets imposed here. You're supposed to be professional, objective and witty. You've got to leave your raincoat in reception.

You've got to crush the crazy impulse to repeat her statistics out loud (in front of the boyfriend) and perhaps all that subconscious stuff about "are they — um — real? May I make certain?" instead of asking whether her journey was eventful. I mean, just look at what is on the page here

and maybe you'll understand why an editor has to keep a whole list of plausible explanations for the bulge in his trousers that won't go away, even when the lady left the building two hours ago.

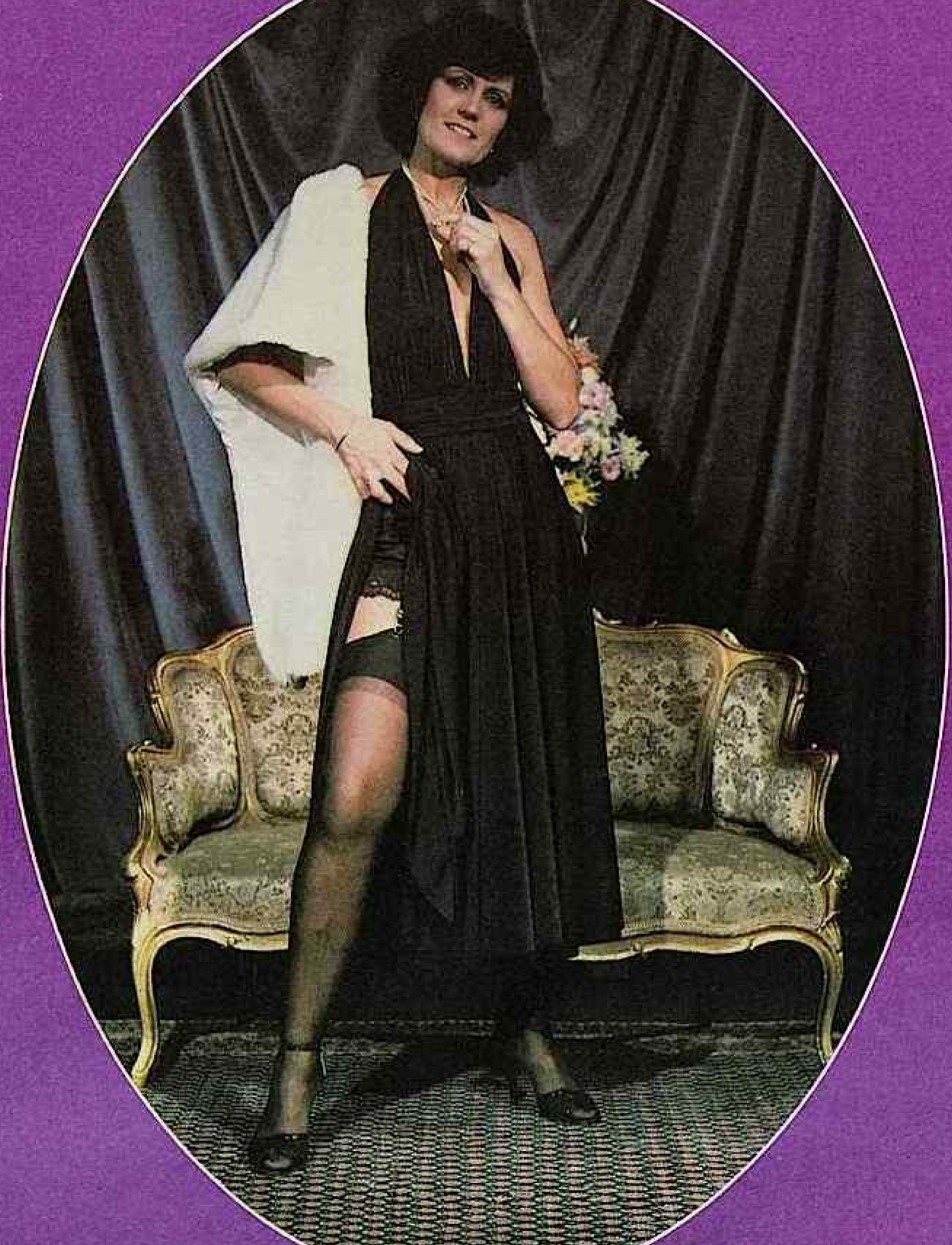
AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Knave's Amateur Model Competition is still open to any girl anxious to experience a little glamour under the lights. All you need to send is three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee is £150, and the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention will receive £25 for his initiative. Let's hear from you *now.*

The Lady Undresses

"Is it or isn't it? It could be. No, surely it can't. On the other hand…" In Room 502 of a certain ritzy hotel, a regal lady is slowly discarding garments. A long day's international travelling has left her sorely in need of a hot, relaxing bath. To lend extra spice to this, she has phoned down for a heady cocktail (plenty of ice). The well-tutored waiter knows when not to interrupt a lady — at least until déshabillé is completed …

Photographed by Lord Everest



In Praise Of Older Women

Let's be honest, some people find an older woman a whole lot more attractive than, say, a purple-haired teenybopper with yards of chewing-gum in her face and a voice that can split a piece of china at seventy-five paces, or one of those limp, diffident coming-of-age milkmaids with very little idea of how to use their bodies.

Photographed by Myfanwy

pages. Make no mistake, however, nubiles are by no means regarded as yesterday's papers with Knave. (We will not hold your youth against you). But the editorial team are in full agreement with all those perceptive people who wrote in wishing for visual space in which to indulge fantasies of a highly respectable vintage.

Now Virginia Huston is a case in point. She's definitely mature. You can see that. She's become acquainted with her body too. So much so, in fact, that no one in the studio felt they had to tell her how to move. She just posed as though she already knew how hard it would make some of the folks who will turn automatically to these

Ripe, subtle moments are on the agenda, if you will allow Virginia to distract you from the erotic hurly-burly of teenagers or other less mature spectacles. Lend her your eyes.

R.S.V.P.

You are cordially invited to our studio to take part in a photographic session on behalf of Knave's Mature Models. Please send at least 3 recent snaps of yourself (preferably nude) to: Knave magazine, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. If you're successful, you'll receive £100 plus travelling expenses, while the lucky photographer who brought you to our attention will get £25.